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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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AUGUST, 1820.  
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MRS. GARRICK.

**T**HE lady whose portrait ornaments our present Number, may be said to have been born to the profession of the stage, for her father, Mr. Gray, possessed considerable celebrity as a singer, and was for some years the principal vocal performer at Sadler's Wells; at which theatre our heroine commenced her professional career, when she was, in fact, little more than a child. Even at that early period, however, she gave considerable promise of excellence as a singer, and the applause she met with on her first appearance, which was for her father's benefit, encouraged her to persevere in a profession that accorded at once with her inclination and talents.

Her success at Sadler's Wells induced Mr. Harris, of Covent-Garden theatre, to think that she would be a valuable addition to his *corps dramatique*, and he accordingly offered her an engagement for three seasons, on very advantageous terms, which her father accepted; and she made her *debüt* at that house, in the character of Polly, in the Beggars' Opera; a part which her youth, her pleasing person, and her modest and artless manners, added to her professional talents, peculiarly qualified her for. She made her second appearance in the opera of The Woodman, and was regarded as an actress who wanted only time and experience to become an ornament to the stage, when, in consequence of some dis-

pute with Mr. Harris, her engagement with that gentleman was broken off, and she accepted one from Mr. Astley, at whose theatre, Westminster Bridge, she performed till the year 1801.

At that period, circumstances occurred which induced her to relinquish the stage, as she thought, for ever. Mr. Garrick, son of George Garrick, Esq. and nephew to our celebrated Roscius, whose name can never die, while England continues a nation, was captivated with her charms and graces; he made proposals of marriage, which with the consent of her father, Miss Gray accepted, and the nuptials were celebrated on the 26th of October, 1802, at the town of Sittingbourne, in Kent.

Introduced by her marriage to a new sphere of life, Mrs. Garrick naturally presumed that her talents could in future only be useful as tending to vary and embellish the domestic pleasures of a home, which love and affluence would combine to render a happy one. Unfortunately these expectations were disappointed; and, after the enjoyment of a few years of elegant ease, the derangement of Mr. Garrick's pecuniary affairs compelled her to resume the exercise of her profession.

Mr. Macready, the father of the present favourite actor of that name at Covent-Garden, was then manager of the Manchester theatre; he gladly availed himself of our heroine's professional assistance, and the characters which she played under his auspices, brought her very rapidly forward. On Mr. Macready's giving up the Manchester theatre, Mrs. Garrick received very liberal proposals from the Liverpool manager, with whom she performed during two seasons, and then removed to Bath, where she played for one season with very great encouragement and applause.

In the year 1813, she accepted of an engagement at Vauxhall, where her vocal powers attracted considerable notice. At the end of the Vauxhall season, Mr. Macready offered her the first singer's situation in his theatre at Birmingham, with a part of the first comic business. This proposal Mrs. Garrick accepted, and is said, by those who witnessed her performances, to have displayed a considerable portion of comic talent. From that period, till the year 1818, she performed at different provincial theatres of respectability, in the northern

counties, with so much success, that Mr. Henry Harris, manager of Covent-Garden theatre, became desirous of transplanting her to the metropolis. He made her liberal proposals, which were readily acceded to, and it was settled, that she should make her *debüt* in an opera called Zuma, which was then about to be produced at that house.

In this choice of character, Mrs. Garrick evinced both modesty and judgment; she came forward as a first-rate singer, and as Miss Stephens's claims to excellence in the vocal line were so justly and universally admitted, she very properly declined a direct comparison with that lady. Circumstances, however, frustrated her intentions; Miss Stephens was obliged to attend the Derby Concerts, and Mrs. Garrick was prevailed upon to come forward in her absence, in the character of Lucy Bertram, in the opera of Guy Mannering.

In this hazardous attempt, Mrs. Garrick met with considerable success; her voice will not certainly bear a comparison with that of Miss Stephens; it is, however, powerful and harmonious in no common degree; her lower tones are peculiarly sweet; she possesses a good deal of science, and her manner, both as a singer and an actress, is easy, graceful, and unaffected. She preserved the happy medium between confidence and *mauvaise honte*, and thus shewed her good sense, and her respect for public opinion. Her reception was exceedingly flattering; and there is no doubt that, had she been brought forward, she would have established a decided claim to public favour; as it was, she had so little to do that the public could hardly be said to have a fair opportunity of appreciating her merits.

At the close of the season, Mrs. Garrick again returned to her provincial engagements, from which she has this season been recalled by the proprietor of the Haymarket theatre. We are very happy to see her once more on the boards of a metropolitan stage, and we have no doubt that every opportunity will be afforded for the display of her talents.

Mrs. Garrick's figure is well-formed and graceful; and it will be seen by the annexed print, which is a faithful likeness, that the features are equally pleasing and expressive.



## MARRIAGE;

A TALE.  
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“ Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.”

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To his surprise, Agnes was not, as he expected, on the steps to receive him, and there was a gravity in the servant's manner who met him, which gave him instantaneous alarm. “ Where is your mistress ?” he hastily enquired ; but before an answer could be returned, she was by his side. “ Agnes !” said he, clasping her to his bosom. “ My De Courcy !” faintly murmured his lovely wife, and sank almost fainting into his arms.” “ Speak, for mercy's sake !” said he, pressing her still closer to him, “ what thus distresses you ? Relieve my apprehensions, I implore you.” “ Our Edward, our cherub is——” “ Dead !” ejaculated De Courcy, in an accent of horror, for conscience immediately suggested the idea, that this terrible calamity had befallen him as a punishment for his weak and criminal conduct. “ Not so, my beloved,” cried Agnes, alarmed at his manner, “ he is still alive ; though I fear,” added she, bursting into tears, “ without hope of recovery : yet we will not despair, God is merciful, and may, even now, grant him to our prayers.” “ How long has he been ill ?” enquired De Courcy. “ Nearly a week ; but not apprehending danger, and expecting you almost every hour, I did not write to you. All, however, has been done that skill and affection could devise for him ; nothing has been neglected.” “ No, indeed, sir,” said her attendant, who approached to deliver a message, “ I only feared for my mistress ; she has not left the room a moment, nor slept these four nights.” De Courcy's heart smote him acutely ; *his* nights, it is true, had been spent equally without rest ; but where had they been passed ? Not in the sick chamber of his suffering child, nor in sharing the anxieties of his afflicted wife, but in the midst of vice and dissipation, and among worthless and licentious companions. He cast on her pallid countenance and tottering



frame, a look so expressive of mingled feeling, that Agnes, misinterpreting his meaning, exclaimed, "Oh! do not blame me, my De Courcy! ought I to have considered self in a case like this? Where should a mother's place be but by the side of her infant? If I, whose existence seemed almost to depend upon his, could scarcely endure his irritation, or resist the attacks of fatigue, how could I expect others to attend upon him properly, or require them to exercise that patience of which I myself was devoid? Besides, my beloved, could I have ceased to remember he was *my* child, I could not have forgotten he was *thine*; but come to our darling, I must leave him no longer."

De Courcy supported her trembling steps, and entered with throbbing heart the chamber of his boy. Agnes had not exaggerated his danger; for, in appearance, he was already in the arms of death. De Courcy knelt by his little couch; he pressed his lips to his burning cheeks, and bathed him with the bitterest tears of paternal fondness, mingled with those of the keenest remorse. "This is my doing," he mentally ejaculated; "I have brought thee to this!—wretch, wretch that I am!" a return of the convulsive spasms, which had before threatened to terminate the existence of the little sufferer, here interrupted him. Agnes sank by his side, and buried her head in his bosom. "Spare him, spare him, righteous Heaven!" he energetically continued, "accept my penitence, receive my vows of future amendment, avert this blow, and never, never will I offend in like manner again!" All night he remained by his child, alternately accusing himself as the author of its agonies, and making the strongest resolutions as to his future conduct. His prayers seemed to be accepted; towards morning, a favourable alteration was visible, and, in the course of a few days, he had the delight of seeing him restored to perfect convalescence; and, to complete his joy, Agnes presented him with a second son very shortly after.

No clouds now darkened their horizon; respected throughout the neighbourhood by the higher classes, and beloved by the poorer, active in the discharge of their various duties, and emulous only to excel each other in affection, the rectory was again the abode of happiness. Agnes was blest beyond her fondest hopes, and De Courcy knew no other uneasiness than what arose from the remembrance of his late conduct

and the occasional inconvenience to which that conduct had reduced him. To discharge the debts which he had contracted on that fatal visit, he had been obliged to resort to means which, in about two years afterwards, compelled him again to resort to the metropolis.

Firmly resolving upon avoiding all his former associates, De Courcy now confined himself to his retired lodgings near the chambers of his solicitor, where he flattered himself that he should remain perfectly undisturbed; and with restless impatience, he entreated Mr. Earnshaw to expedite the necessary arrangements for the completion of his engagements. He had been several days in town, when among the letters which were forwarded to him from Westbrook, he found one from his best and earliest friend, Sir William Desmond, informing him of his recent marriage. Sir William dwelt with rapture on the charms of his bride, and expressing an earnest wish for an opportunity of presenting her to him, he concluded by saying, that, in consequence of Parliamentary business, he had taken up his abode in London for some months. Politeness at least required that he should call upon him instantly, and accordingly, the next morning, he presented himself at the magnificent house of Sir William, in Grosvenor-square, where he was received with all the cordiality of former regard.

Having accepted his friend's invitation to dinner, he and Sir William were sometime together before her ladyship made her appearance in the drawing-room. "You are an old married man," said Sir William, "and may laugh at my eagerness to know your opinion of my choice, particularly when I own, I shall feel myself mortified if you do not allow she is the most lovely creature in existence." "A few hours hence," said De Courcy, smiling, "I will not offend you with odious comparisons, but before I have the honour of seeing Lady Desmond, I do not scruple to say, I can scarcely believe that she can exceed my Agnes in loveliness, or at least my Agnes as she was when I first saw her, and even now, though the rose no longer blows so freshly on her cheek as formerly, I cannot determine whether the lily, that has usurped its place, is less pleasing to my taste. Her features are inimitable, her eyes——" "True," said Desmond, "your Agnes was and is an enchanting being, and but that your

manners and fine form gave you such a decided advantage over me that I thought the attempt hopeless, I know not if I should not have entered the lists with you; for," added he, gravely, "she had never been altogether indifferent to me; but my Georgiana is very different to your Agnes." "Different, indeed," thought De Courcy, as at that instant she entered the room. She was rather above the common size, but her limbs were formed in the truest model of grace; her step and look were commanding and dignified, her complexion was peculiarly brilliant, her hair was perfectly black, and her full dark eyes, shaded by their long lashes, shone with an animation and intelligence which rivetted the attention of the beholder.

De Courcy was too great a connoisseur in female beauty not to discern the superior charms of Lady Desmond, and too great an admirer of the sex to behold her without interest. She cast a look around her as she moved to her seat, which seemed to challenge the universal homage which was most willingly paid to her; Sir William approaching her, said, "Georgiana, you have frequently heard me mention my friend De Courcy, I have now the pleasure of presenting him to you." "Mr. De Courcy," said her ladyship, frankly extending her hand to him, "this introduction is doubly gratifying to me; I well know the pleasure it affords Sir William, and I rejoice in the opportunity it affords me of seeing one in whose favour I have been long prejudiced." De Courcy had never in his life felt embarrassed in the presence of any one, but something like a blush overspread his countenance as he bowed to this compliment, but accepting the vacant seat to which Sir William pointed on the sofa beside her, he entered into a lively conversation, which was supported on his side by the elegance and variety which ever distinguished him, and on her's by the arch sprightliness and native flow of spirits which were exclusively her own.

In such society the hours fled almost insensibly away; and De Courcy withdrew with regret under many assurances, however, of passing as much time with them as his other engagements would possibly admit of. This he found no difficulty in doing; the dullness of his own lodgings was now insupportable, while the life and spirit which pervaded the parties at Grosvenor-square were at once as congenial to his



taste, as gratifying to his inclination. "It is in vain to deny it," said he, one evening, as he repaired as usual to the gay scene, "privacy and retirement are perfectly foreign to my nature; I was born only for society, in society only can I truly exist. I fancied, that in performing my duties at Westbrook, I was acting from choice and inclination, but I find I was mistaken; a conscientious motive only actuated me, and I employed myself actively only because I could not live without something to occupy me, something to banish the endless vacuum of a country life. How blind have I been to my own happiness! but for my former infatuated conduct, I might have moved in the only circle that can content me, and where the charms of my Agnes would have elicited as much admiration as those of this incomparable woman.

The entertainment given by Lady Desmond this evening was a very splendid one; the rooms were crowded to excess; for all the rank and fashion of London were present; and De Courcy, in the frequent recognition, the expressions of pleasure at the rencontre, and the marked attention he received from all parties, felt his heart glow with pride and exultation. He had always been distinguished for the graces of his person, and the years which he had passed in seclusion, while they had deepened the roses on his cheek, had served only to heighten the manliness of his beauty, and to strengthen the elasticity of his form. He was far from insensible to the effect these advantages caused in the surrounding crowd, nor was it lost upon Lady Desmond, who had ever felt pleased with his attentions, and her vanity was now peculiarly flattered by having such a man in her train; to him, therefore, her conversation was principally addressed; to him she constantly appealed, and to his answers only paid particular regard. He had left her side for a few minutes when some of the gayer beaux approached her with solicitations to join a quadrille party, among whom was the Duke of Arlingford, the finest of the fine men of his day, the arbiter of fashion, and the criterion of taste and elegance. "May I be permitted, dear Lady Desmond, to hope——" he began, when at the instant De Courcy returning, she hastily interrupted his Grace by saying, as she extended her hand to him, "*C'est a vous, Monsieur*; if I must make such a sacri-

“fice, I must perform my promise to you.” De Courcy remembered no promise having been given, but he was flattered beyond expression at the preference shewn him, and led her away in triumph. “I detest that Arlingford,” she whispered, “he has not a thought beyond himself; to escape from him at any rate, or by any means, is a pleasure.” De Courcy felt a sensation bordering on disappointment at this speech, which he could scarcely account for, but, had he felt inclined, there was neither time nor opportunity to make any reply to it.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### MONKISH SEVERITY.

A MONK went to the house of a Mr. Delaval, who was then absent on a hunting party, but was expected to return to dinner. Among other dishes preparing in the kitchen was a pig ordered for Mr. Delaval's own eating. The monk cast a longing eye upon this, and notwithstanding having been informed for whom it was intended, cut off the head, and, putting it into a bag, made the best of his way towards the monastery. Delaval, on his return, being informed of this transaction, remounted his horse in anger, and set out in search of the offender; whom, overtaking about a mile off, he gave him such a chastisement with his staff, that he was hardly able to return to his cell. This monk dying within a year, his brethren ascribed his death to the beating, and charged Delaval with murder. Before the accused could obtain absolution, he was obliged to make over to the priory the manor of Elsig, in the neighbourhood of Newcastle, with several other valuable estates, and, by way of making full satisfaction, he was ordered to set up an obelisk on the spot where he had chastised the monk; on the pedestal is engraved the following inscription—“O horror! to kill a man for a pigge's head!”

## THE PURLOINED VEIL;

OR,

## THE SWANS.

*(Continued from page 17.)*

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FRIEDBERT was not all discomposed at this proposition; he congratulated himself, on the contrary, at his project having proved so successful. "Your desires, virtuous princess," replied he, "are to me a sacred law, so far as it lies in my power to gratify them; my fortune and even my life will be at your disposal whenever you wish to demand them, but exact not from me, I beseech you, that which is contrary to my oath, and repugnant to my conscience. At the moment, when, in a perilous contest, I acquired the possession of this ring, I took the most solemn oath that I should never part with it, but to pass it into the hands of a wife when at the altar she should receive my vows of inviolate fidelity. If, through your assistance, I have the good fortune to find out such a wife as my heart desires, I then will have no objection to your receiving from her hands the ring which has formerly belonged to you." "Be it so," interrupted Zoé; "choose among the young beauties of my court one that may please you; I will bestow her upon you with a rich portion, on condition that she return my ring as soon as she shall have received it from you; and, as to yourself, knight, I engage to raise you to the height of dignity."

This secret treaty was no sooner concluded, than the palace of Zoé was transformed into a brilliant haram. She summoned into her presence and engaged in her suite all the most captivating beauties in the country, and gave them the most magnificent attire to enhance their natural charms. The beauteous Zoe, in that respect, laboured under the same mistake as our fair contemporaries; she thought that a fine gilt frame allured purchasers for the painting, yet daily experience teaches that a gala dress is no more favourable to love, than the tissue robes and paste or glass ear-rings and necklace of our Lady of Loretto are to devotion: a plain,



becoming dishabille is the true uniform of the god of hearts, and secures to him more conquests than all the diamonds, plumes, lace, and female paraphernalia, in the world.

Friedbert swam in a torrent of pleasure, without, however, suffering himself to be carried away by seduction. Amidst the tumult of a brilliant court, amidst a crowd of beauties, joyful dances and concerts, the most profound grief furrowed his brow. In order to please him, for his sake did all those beautiful Grecian maids deck themselves; they all displayed their charms to win his heart, but that heart remained cold and insensible.

The princess could not conceive from whence proceeded such indifference in a young man formed for love, and in the bloom of youth; it is true, indeed, that she herself in her amours had always followed the same system as her wise countryman Plato, owing either to her natural virtue, or to the watchfulness of her spouse; but a young knight so accomplished as Friedbert was, appeared to her better qualified to prefer the lessons of the voluptuous Epicurus. From that idea, she had directed her attacks at once against his heart and against his senses. With deep regret, did she discover that, in that respect, she had been widely mistaken; neither the voluptuousness of Epicurus, nor the spiritual and delicate joys of platonic love, seemed to tempt him. She only found him to be a severe stoic, who, at the same time that she wondered at him, left her but little hopes of recovering her ring.

Some few months had elapsed in this state of inaction: the princess, impatient of regaining possession of a jewel that recalled to her mind such tender recollections, wished to enter into conversation on the subject with her knight, (as she used to call Friedbert) and to enquire into the real situation of his heart. One day then, the very day which had been consecrated to celebrate the return of spring, all the youthful maidens attached to the court of Zoé, decorated with fresh-gathered flowers, which they surpassed in luxuriance, had begun their joyful sports. Friedbert was alone, seated in a pensive attitude under a bower, where he was engaged in an occupation, which, in general, is the effect, or the presage of disappointed love; he was plucking the leaves off

some flowers he had but just been gathering, when Zoé approached him.

"Indifferent knight!" said she, "is reviving nature so destitute of charms in your estimation, that you indulge the sad pleasure of destroying in this manner her most precious gifts, and of profaning the festival of Flora? Is your heart so unconquerably insensible to all tender sentiments, that neither the new-blown flowers of my garden, nor the blooming charms of the youthful beauties of my court, can produce any impression on you? Wherefore do you continue in this solitary retreat, whilst gay pleasures invite you to the saloon, and love calls you from every bush, grotto, and turf, in this delightful spot? Does your sadness proceed from a tender sentiment? Disclose to me all your secrets with unlimited confidence; I am, and wish to shew myself your friend and protector; let me hear whether I have it in my power to heal your wounds."

"Well! virtuous Zoé," replied Friedbert, "I shall confess the truth; you have penetrated within the deepest recesses of my heart; a secret flame devours it, and I am at a loss to know whether I am to support it with hope, or allow it to consume my very vitals? Yes, my heart feels nothing for any of the nymphs who are here celebrating the festival of Flora. She is not among the joyful group, that heavenly maid who is in possession of my heart, and yet it is in your palace that I have found her. Alas! she is, perhaps, the production only of an artist's ardent imagination; although it appears to me impossible that such a masterpiece of creation should not be the work of a God rather than of a painter. Doubtless he has had a model, and the all-powerful Being who has formed these beautiful flowers and those charming nymphs, has united all the features of beauty to frame the original of that divine picture."

The princess became very anxious and equally impatient to know which picture in her gallery had produced so wonderful an effect upon the young knight. "Come instantly," said she, "and point it out to me; I long to know whether it be not a trick that love has played upon you, by causing you to embrace a cloud instead of a goddess, or whether, contrary to his usual custom, he has dealt honestly by

you, and presented to your view an object that is in reality within your reach, and that you can possibly obtain."

Zoé had a choice collection of paintings; some were the masterpieces of the most eminent artists, others were family portraits; amongst the latter were to be seen those of the most celebrated Grecian beauties of former ages, and amongst the number was her own, repeated several times, in all the charms of youth, such as she was possessed of when she visited the bath of the fairies. From a slight sense of vanity, which maintains its right with the fair sex, in spite of age, she imagined that it was her own likeness that occupied the imagination of Friedbert. She anticipated the satisfaction of saying to him—"My good friend, it is me whom you love; but as I no longer resemble that picture, I consent to your enchantment vanishing away, and that you should fix upon a more real object." But Friedbert had no doubts to puzzle him; he well knew that it was not the mere imagination of the artist that had guided his pencil, but that the original was possessed of more beauty than the picture exposed to view; yet he was ignorant where that original was to be found.

On his entering the gallery, he instantly flew with all the ardour of the most passionate lover towards the cherished portrait, knelt down before it with extended arms, and exclaimed—"Here is the goddess whom I adore! Virtuous princess, you are going to pronounce the sentence upon which depends my life or death; am I the sport of a chimerical passion? in that case, suffer me to die at your feet. But if the divine object exist, if it be known to you, if my presentiments have directed the choice of my heart, reveal to me in what country, among what nation, is that treasure concealed? I shall fly wherever it may be found, to be deserving of a return for my tenderest affection."

The princess felt so much the more embarrassed, as she had expected quite another issue: a tinge of chagrin obscured her brow, and the fine Grecian oval of her face, which age respected, and which a pleasing idea had enlivened with smiles for a few instants, suddenly grew an inch longer. "Imprudent youth," cried she, "how can you have disposed of your heart, without even having ascertained whether the object of your flame did exist, and whether she was at li-



berty to repay you love for love? However, I will condescend to inform you, that your heart has not entirely misled you: that beauty is no chimera, neither is that picture the representation of a maiden of former ages. You behold the portrait of the Princess Calista, my youngest daughter. Alas! she was a beloved child; now she is the child of misery; she can never be your's, she is no longer herself. A devouring and inextinguishable fire rages within her breast, for a wretch, who, indeed, is separated from her by an immense distance. She has had courage sufficient to escape from his insidious snares, but, like the bird that carries away with it part of the net in which it had been caught, she loves him with undiminished ardour, although she has fled from him, and bewails her misfortune in the solitude of a cloister, abhorring her senseless passion, but yet unable to renounce it, and to encourage any other sentiment."

Friedbert appeared very much astonished at this fragment of domestic information; however, he experienced inward joy at having discovered the place of Calista's abode, and at being entitled to flatter himself that she still loved him. The regret which Zoé manifested, and the contempt which she expressed for the object of her daughter's passion, did not occasion Friedbert the smallest inquietude. By dint of imposing upon other people respecting his birth, he had himself imbibed the illusion, and the knight of the Princess Zoé appeared to him duly qualified to obtain the hand of her daughter. In the mean time, he proceeded to ask questions of the confident mother relative to the singular circumstances of the amours of the young Calista, with an air of interest by no means feigned, although his curiosity was so. She satisfied him as much as she could, without revealing the family secret of the swans, which undoubtedly was no less sacred than that of the freemasons'; but she related to him an allegorical the true meaning of which he rightly understood.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## SUGGESTIONS

FOR THE RELIEF AND PROTECTION OF  
FEMALE SERVANTS,  
AND THE PREVENTION OF PROSTITUTION.

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SCARCELY a day passes, but FEMALE SERVANTS out of place are seen perambulating the streets, and calling at the shops of grocers, bakers, and other tradesmen, enquiring after places or employment; and often relating their distressed and destitute condition in the most pathetic terms. Very recently, as a lady, well known to the writer of this article, was walking along the City-road, she was accosted by a decently dressed and modest looking young woman, who asked for employ; stating that she had no relations in London, nor any friends, that she was then living upon the money procured by pledging her clothes, that they were nearly gone, and that if she should be so unfortunate as not to get a place in a week or two, all her resources would be exhausted, and she saw no prospect before her eyes, but suicide or prostitution. Perhaps the sun never rises when thousands might not be found in this vast metropolis, whose situation is similar to the poor girl's, whose artless and pathetic tale led to these suggestions.

What object is more deserving of sympathy than a modest female, plunged in the bitterest distress, willing to toil to earn her bread by honest labour, yet unable to find employ, loathing life that can only be sustained by prostitution or thieving, and yet unable, by any other means, to procure food or shelter? Amongst the lost and abandoned women who shamelessly seek their bread by that dreadful resource, perhaps *one fifth* have been driven within its frightful vortex by poverty and the want of shelter, rather than impelled by vicious propensities.

The benevolence of those ladies have been loudly and deservedly applauded, who visited the cells and wards of Newgate, and humanely endeavoured to alleviate the misery and amend the manners and morals of the female convicts. It

was a generous enterprise, and that same charitable spirit is now invoked to consider how greatly the number of female convicts might be diminished, if institutions were established in London, wherein, by the payment of a poundage on their wages, whilst in place, the servants, disabled by sickness, or discharged from servitude, without any imputation on their honesty, might, at all times, find a respectable place of refuge.

It is not in the behalf of the radically corrupted and the depraved, that this appeal is made, but of the indiscreet, the unfortunate, the destitute, and, in all cases, of the *honest*.

The United Netherlands formerly abounded with institutions, whereat, by the payment of a certain moderate sum annually, male or female servants, clerks, warehousemen, &c. might obtain admission into these asylums in the decline of life, wherein they enjoyed tranquillity, a frugal plenty, and where, after their decease, a decent interment was provided by the establishment. Whatever may be thought of the political government of Holland, in wise and liberal institutions that republic exceeded every nation in Europe.

In Holland, Sweden, Denmark, and many other kingdoms, the law does not permit the *immediate* discharge of female domestic servants, without the master or mistress providing for their support during a given time. In this metropolis, almost any person, at a moment's warning, on payment of a month's wages, may turn their servants, male or female, into the streets; and few are the families, where, in case of sickness, they are not unfeelingly discharged. The result is, that the servants feel neither love nor gratitude towards their superiors, whereby that immorality and general deterioration of the principles and manners of domestic servants, which are so generally admitted and censured, are increased.

The fault, however, does not rest wholly with the inferiors; their betters have their failings; and it is generally seen, that very respectable masters and mistresses are served by honest and meritorious servants. It is not, however, worth while to lose that time in developing the cause of the present abject state of the morals of female servants, that might be more profitably employed in suggesting a remedy.

The law admits of a servant being instantly turned away,



on the employer paying a month's wages, which seldom amounts to more than sufficient for two weeks frugal maintenance. If the discharged female have no friend nor relation to receive her, if she have to seek a lodging in those common haunts where discarded servants and disorderly women so frequently mingle in society, her fate is generally sealed at an early period. If she were ever virtuously inclined, small is her chance of escaping pollution, when, turned into the streets, she finds herself desolate, and without food or shelter. In vain she turns her imploring eyes towards the passing crowd; her tale, however sincere, is suspected by her own sex; and if she gain the attention of a person of the opposite one, in nineteen cases out of twenty, it proves that he basely endeavours to render her distress the means of her ruin, and makes some infamous proposal as the price of relief. To a poor, forlorn female, thus thrown on the streets, rapid is the descent that leads to infamy and crime. It is extremely probable that thousands might be annually saved who are thus lost to society, if there were any decent receptacles wherein they could find a roof to shelter them, and bread to eat.

It is the object of this paper to call the serious attention of the mothers and mistresses of respectable and opulent families in this metropolis, to the consideration of this subject. In each of the parishes of London, and within the bills of mortality, a subscription might with all facility be raised, to hire and furnish, in the plainest manner, one or more houses for the reception of female servants of every class, when out of place; the ladies to pay five per cent. upon the amount of their female servants' wages; and the servant to be entitled to support when out of place, or disabled by sickness, on payment of a like sum. The superintending committee to recommend servants to places; and none to be received into those receptacles, except in the parish wherein she had last served; by which means the general character of female servants would soon be ascertained; and being thus supported, at least in part, by the bounty of their superiors, and accustomed to live, whilst out of place, in a regular and recluse manner, under their observance, they would soon feel that respect towards them which is so rarely

witnessed in the present disjointed and unconnected state of their reciprocal relations.

A good effect would result from the establishment of a *Servant's Mart*, or *Hall*, where the honest menial might find employ without applying to *office-keepers*, by too many of whom the most gross impositions are practised, simultaneously on families and on servants.

As it is impossible to influence so vast a number of uneducated persons by the force of argument, so as to persuade them to support such institutions, by subscriptions whilst in place, any servant of honest repute, although a non-subscriber, should therefore be admissible, on giving reference to her last place, and on payment of her board and lodging at the lowest admissible terms. As to the totally destitute, they might be well content with the inferior apartments, and an inferior ration than the boarders and subscribers; the value of the provisions furnished to be repaid from their earliest wages after a place had been obtained for them.

To prevent contamination from too numerous an assemblage, the servants should be kept in classes; waiting-women by themselves; cooks, laundry-maids, house-maids, and nursery-maids, by themselves; and those who have lived at inns, and in public-houses, detached from those who have only served private families.

Each of these establishments would serve at once as a place of refuge for female servants, and also as a sort of *exploratory camp*, whence the character and conduct of all the female servants of the metropolis might be observed. An advantage of incalculable public utility, not to the mistresses alone, but to *ill-treated* servants, who are sometimes capriciously discharged, and unreasonably denied a character. Many a desolate female has been wantonly and unjustly deprived of the means of getting a place in any respectable family; by which acts of cruelty, they are often thrown upon the town. The ladies patronizing these institutions, should, in rotation, serve in the committees, and wherever it appeared to them that the character of a servant had been unjustly withheld, their certificate should serve as a passport to any family, however respectable. Such would be the operation of these associations, that families would henceforth be

infinitely less liable to imposition, and servants less exposed to injustice or oppression; whilst the expense would fall so lightly as scarcely to be felt either by the mistresses or servants, who might subscribe.

If it be considered what havoc is frequently caused in families by depraved female servants, the importance of the plan would be the readier perceived, and its utility acknowledged. A register should be kept at each establishment, wherein the names and descriptions should be entered of servants, whose conduct has been so very immoral as to merit total exclusion. To prevent even those, however, from becoming utterly abandoned, wherever genuine signs of contrition were exhibited, they should be admitted into the penitentiary; and in case of reformation, provided with a place of servitude.

By this, or some better digested plan, a powerful check might be given to the torrent of vice and misery that prevails; and the superintendence of the houses would afford an asylum to respectable, elderly, decayed housekeepers, who had seen better days, and whose honesty and discretion might be relied on, to prevent those abuses to which such establishments must otherwise be liable.

To make this system available to any useful extent, these receptacles should be rendered agreeable to the parties, whose personal liberty should not be unnecessarily abridged. The internal regulations ought to assimilate as nearly as possible with the rules observed in the most respectable families. They should be regular in their attendance at church, and Bibles and Prayer-books be supplied to those who had them not. The inmates should be kept as much as possibly employed; and the ignorant taught to read, write, iron, to get up fine linen, to sew, mark, darn, and various other useful household employments; and they might make *for sale* a variety of cheap articles of female apparel; but should not be allowed to take in needle-work, because such practice in public institutions, occasions just as much poverty as it relieves. And whenever a place was found for any person, she should be compelled to accept it, on pain of expulsion, unless she should shew good reasons why she should not serve in it.

These institutions should be open to women who might



arrive in London with a view to procure places of servitude, by which many unwary and inexperienced females might be preserved from ruin and misery.

In the internal regulation of the houses, it might be judicious to require every female to give in a list of their apparel, and to prevent, if possible, their pledging, or selling, any part of it; and as the funds, *if well managed*, would probably amount to more than the expenditure, the committee might be able to bestow on servant maids distinguished by meritorious conduct, small marriage portions. It would evince too sanguine a mind to indulge a hope that the evils enumerated can be subdued by these remedies, but certainly they might be very greatly palliated, a copious source of human misery much diminished, and the general conduct of female servants rendered more decorous and respectable.

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#### BISHOP ATTERBURY.

In the debates on the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December, 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who said, he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet. Lord Coningsby, who always spoke in a passion, rose immediately after the bishop, and remarked, that one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reprov'd by his own ass. The bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding in these words—"Since the noble lord hath discovered in our manner such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel: I am sure that I have been reprov'd by nobody but—his lordship." From that day, Lord Coningsby was ever afterwards called "Atterbury's pad."

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A BENEDICT;

A TALE FOR MARRIED MEN.

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## CHAP I.

"Man feels not so sensibly those short privations which are subjects of such real uneasiness to the tender heart of woman. Perhaps, on some occasions, the former may be more ardent, more passionate, more capable of risking every thing for the object of his love; but the daily proofs, the intervening fears, and all the shades of a delicate and constant passion, are much more peculiar to women—few men are susceptible of them, or know their value.

ROUSSEAU.

NOTHING would so readily incline us to a belief in the doctrine of fatality as the daily experience afforded us of the fallaciousness of those expectations which were apparently built upon the firmest basis of probability, and the proud assurance of our own deserts, did we not at the same time feel a secret conscientiousness that we too often suffer ourselves to be led insensibly into the paths of error by giving the reins to our passions, or, through a false sense of shame, suffering our actions to be regulated rather by the opinions or example of others than by the sound precepts of morality and judgment. Once deviating from the straight line of rectitude, we are led on by insensible degrees, until we forget the primary cause of our aberration, and would willingly, when we find ourselves culpable to an extent we had never anticipated, ascribe our misconduct (or at least the misfortunes which result from it) to our destiny. But a truce with moralizing; I must now fulfil a promise\* long since given, and enter on a candid relation of the events which succeeded my marriage with Letitia. For a considerable time, our domestic arrangements, and the unavoidable ceremony of receiving and paying visits, kept us in an agreeable sort of bustle. It is true, that our visitors were not very numerous, yet even amongst the few who did find admittance, there were several for whom my wife entertained not the smallest portion of esteem, and whom she had con-

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\* See "A Tale for Bachelors," page 85, Museum for February, 1819.

sequently overlooked in the customary etiquette of cake and cards, but who, instigated principally by curiosity, forgave the affront, and were most lavish in their professions of regard and satisfaction, not forgetting, at the same time, to give the young bride some salutary admonition in regard to her domestic management, &c. "Be sure, my dear," said Mrs. Lofty, "not to appear too submissive at first starting; many a young woman has made herself a slave for life, by such injudicious conduct. Mr. Agincourt is a charming young man, I own, and will, I have no doubt, make a very kind, indulgent husband, as, indeed, he ought; but still, my dear friend, it is the nature of man to be despotic, as I know to my sorrow, and when they meet with a poor, timid creature, who is afraid to say her life is her own, they take care to shew their authority; for own part, I let Mr. Lofty know what he had to expect the first week, and by that means contrived to keep the upper hand ever after; to be sure we had some hard tugs for the mastery, but I was generally too strong for him, and so he had no other alternative than to get out of my way, when he saw a storm was coming on, and then I had all to my wish." "Was it your wish then to drive your husband out of doors?" Letitia enquired archly, while her adviser paused to take breath. "Why not exactly," replied Mrs. Lofty, colouring, "but when folks do not agree, they are best apart, in my opinion, and I was determined to be mistress in my own house; one might as well be unmarried, if one could not have that privilege, you know." Mrs. Singleton listened in silence, and made her own decision. Mrs. Plausible assailed her with counsel of a different nature. "You are inexperienced, child," said she, "and consequently sanguine in your expectations; it is therefore the duty of your well-wishers to put you a little upon your guard; do not trust too much to the present open-heartedness and liberality of your husband; marriage very frequently alters men strangely in regard to money matters, and you will often see the most extravagant single men turn out to be the most stingy husbands. I am sure I had plague enough with mine; for he went on *grudging* and *grudging*, and stinting and stinting, until I hardly knew what it was to have any thing like other people. So at last I began to take care of myself, and had my own private purse. A woman, my dear,



who acts as her own housekeeper, has a thousand ways of keeping a few pounds in her pocket, which her husband knows nothing about; she would be a simpleton indeed, if she let him know what every thing cost—many and many an expensive thing I have bought, and told him it was quite a bargain: then he, poor silly soul, would go about bragging of my economy and cleverness, and setting other married folks together by the ears by telling the husbands how much cheaper I went to market for my finery than their wives.”

Letitia, disgusted at such meanness and duplicity, felt unable to make any other reply than that she would endeavour to regulate her expences in conformity to her husband's income, adding, that she entertained no apprehensions of his ever denying her any indulgencies that it was in his power to afford her. “Very likely, my dear,” returned Mrs. Plausible, “very likely it may be so in your case, but other people do not find it so; and you may one day wish you had adopted my plan, that's all.”

Letitia and I laughed heartily at these clever managers, who were neither of them invited to repeat their visit; and all our attention was devoted to our *real friends*; happy would it have been for me had I confined myself to the small circle which now surrounded us, and displayed upon all occasions equal contempt and disregard of insidious advisers as my wife thus readily evinced. As the summer approached, I began to fancy that my wife looked paler, and had less appetite than usual, and, with a view to afford her a purer air, and the comforts of more regular hours, I hired a small house at Hammersmith, which was a convenient distance for me to resort to after the hours of business. It would be uninteresting to the reader, were I enumerate those simple pleasures in which we found the highest gratification; we had a small, neat garden, which afforded us amusement and wholesome exercise; books, music, and drawing, were not neglected; and in such pursuits our time passed so happily, that we almost dreaded the thought of being again obliged to reside in town.

It was in one of my periodical excursions, that I chanced to encounter Elderton; I greeted him with cordiality, informed him of my marriage, and received his congratulations

with all the self-complacency of an exulting Benedict, rallied him on his still remaining single, and assured him that he was wantonly casting happiness from him. He smiled at my warmth; but declared, that he had witnessed too much of domestic infelicity to flatter himself with the hope of better luck than his neighbours. "I think you will be a convert, however," said I, "when you have set your foot into my happy home; and if you could find another Letitia, you would have reason to acknowledge that your present opinion is the result of obstinacy rather than conviction." "Perhaps you are right," he returned carelessly; "but I have heard so many newly married men talk in the same strain, that I do not credit half of what I hear; some do it merely through ostentation, because they wish to be envied; others strive to *persuade themselves* that they are happily married, lest their judgment should be called in question; and some, though comparatively the fewer in number, are really well pleased with their lot, because nothing has yet occurred to ruffle the smooth surface of that smiling sea of hopes and joys on which they have embarked." "Then you really think there is no such thing as permanent felicity in the married state?" I enquired, regarding him with an incredulous smile. "There are exceptions, perhaps," he replied, "but I will not allow you to decide, if you have not been married more than a twelvemonth." These rattling observations made little impression on my mind, as I felt within myself convinced of their futility; nor did it enter into my unsuspecting mind, that there were characters who delight in creating the mischief which they afterwards affect to deplore.

It was not long before Elderton paid us the promised visit; he proved a most agreeable companion; in fact, he possessed a versatility of talent, and knew so well how to accommodate himself to the tempers of others, that almost every one who spent an hour in his company was desirous of ranking him among the number of his acquaintance. He had, by the death of an uncle, become possessed of considerable property, and frequently regretted not having been brought up in any line of business, which, by occupying the greater portion of his time, might prevent his falling into habits which might eventually impair his finances. I hinted

this to Mr. Singleton, who understanding my motive, and being aware that Elderton had an extensive and respectable connexion, proposed admitting him as a partner, a proposal which delighted me extremely, as it would release me from such close attendance to business as I had hitherto found absolutely necessary, and allow me to pass a greater portion of time with Letitia. Elderton seemed highly gratified by the arrangement, and for some time every thing proceeded to the satisfaction of all parties.

About three months after this, a circumstance occurred, which it is necessary to notice in its proper place. Letitia was one day standing at the window, looking for my return, when a young man of interesting appearance, and decently habited, stopped opposite to her, and made a respectful bow; ill health and fatigue were visible in his appearance. Naturally compassionate, she enquired, if he wanted any thing. "If I might beg the favour of a glass of water, ma'am," he replied faintly, and at the same time catching hold of the railing for support. Letitia ran to the sideboard, and, pouring out a glass of wine, offered it to him. "This is better for you than water," said she: "you appear to be exhausted with fatigue." The youth took it with many thanks, and, as he returned the glass, said, "Bless you for your goodness; I think you have saved my life; I have walked thirty miles, and have tasted nothing since the night before last, but water and berries." "Have you no home, no employment?" she asked. "Neither, ma'am, at present; but I would willingly work, if I could get any." "What employment are you fit for? what can you do?" "I can write, and cast accounts; and though I have never been used to any menial occupation, I could make myself useful even in that way." He sighed and looked down, when Letitia asked him, if he could have a character. "Ah! madam," he replied dejectedly, "that is all I want; though God above knows, I have never done a wicked or dishonest thing in my life, I have not a friend in the world to help or recommend me." "That is hard, indeed," observed Letitia, however, go to the public-house yonder, and get something to eat. I expect my husband home soon, and, if you can give a satisfactory account of yourself, perhaps he may render you some assistance." She then gave the lad some money



and he left her with the warmest expressions of gratitude. As soon as I returned, she related what had occurred in a manner that could not fail to awaken my sympathy; and, in the hope of being able to preserve the young man from those vicious courses, too often resorted to in a time of want, I sent for him to my house; and, after apprising him that my conduct towards him would be entirely regulated by his candour and veracity, desired him to give me an account of his past life, which he accordingly did in the following words:—

“It may appear like an attempt to impose upon your credulity if I assert that I was educated in a manner far superior to what my present condition seems to indicate. My father was a surgeon in the army, and at the inconsiderate age of nineteen, married the only child of an opulent merchant. The match was, however, so much against the consent of her parents, who were Quakers, that her father refused, from that moment, to see or hear from her; and, at his death, bequeathed his fortune to his wife's brother. The young lovers were too disinterestedly attached to each other to consider this of any consequence. My mother, though reared in the lap of indulgence and luxury, conformed with cheerfulness to the inconveniences attending her present unsettled situation and confined income. She accompanied my father to Egypt, where he fell a victim to that dreadful disease which swept away so many of our brave men, and but for the friendship of one of the officers would have sunk under this heavy affliction. I was born a few weeks after my father's death, and as soon as her health was re-established, the unhappy widow embraced the first opportunity that offered of returning to England. The small pension she enjoyed was scarcely adequate to our support; my mother had not the slightest knowledge of any employment, which could possibly increase her slender income, and in consequence suffered many hardships and privations to which she had been hitherto a stranger. Thus situated and harrassed with the most torturing anxiety upon my account, she condescended to accept proposals from a person very much her inferior in birth and education, and, to secure a provision for me, became his wife. This man, who followed the occupation of a hair-dresser, was but little cal-

culated to render her happy; his habits and pursuits were low, and he was in temper both harsh and unfeeling. Her spirits sunk under ill-treatment, and her constitution gradually gave way. Perhaps she did wrong in letting me know the extent of her sufferings, for it inspired me with a thorough detestation of my father-in-law, who, when death deprived me of a tender and indulgent mother, treated me with the utmost brutality. From such usage my spirit revolted, and I resolved to beg my bread rather than subject myself to a continuance of it; high words arose between us, which ended in my quitting his house.

"Without any determined plan, I have wandered about for several days, sleeping under sheds, or hedges, as promiscuously occurred. At several places, I made application for employment; but at each was rejected for want of a character, and I was just upon the point of sinking through fatigue and hunger, having expended the few shillings which constituted the whole of my wealth, when your good lady compassionately promised to speak to you in my behalf."

As there was nothing extremely improbable in this brief story, I determined to make trial of the young man's abilities, and finding him tolerably expert at his pen, and a good accountant, I placed him in our counting-house, and agreed to allow him a moderate salary, to be advanced in proportion as he should be found deserving of encouragement.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### LORD RUSSELL

By living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go out with his dogs every day only to hunt for an appetite. If he felt any thing of that, he would cry out, "Oh! I have found it!" turn short round, and ride home again, though they were in the midst of the finest chace. He one day met a beggar, who entreated him to give him something because he was almost famished with hunger. "A happy dog!" exclaimed his lordship, and actually envied him too much to relieve him.

## THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

## Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

*(Continued from page 30.)*

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*A Persian of mean birth, forgetting, when in prosperity, his former condition, is the cause of Gengis-Can ravaging Persia and India.*

GENGIS-CAN, after having conquered all Tartary, and the greatest part of China, being now sixty years of age, was willing to repose himself.

Content with the glory which his extraordinary victories had merited, he aspired after that which all great princes know how to acquire, by causing the arts, sciences, and commerce to flourish. To put this happy project into execution, he sent ambassadors to Mahommed, the Carismin, who possessing Persia, Caresen, and part of India, was one of the most powerful sovereigns in the world. The ambassadors of Gengis Can proposed to Mahommed an alliance between him and their master, who was desirous of living in as strict a union with him as though he had been his son. These were the terms offered by the ambassadors, according to Albugasi-Bavadur-Can, (one of the descendants of Gengis-Can) in his history of the Tartars. Mahommed, who was not ignorant of the great conquests which the Tartar had lately made, accepted, with joy, the proposed alliance; and there was so perfect a union established between the two empires (says an Arabian historian) that private persons might have carried gold and silver in their hands, from one empire to the other, without the least danger of loss. This good understanding, so desirable between powerful princes, was interrupted by the vanity of a private person, whom fortune had unjustly raised above his deserts. The event, as related by the Arabs, was as follows:—

The Moguls, subjects of Gengis-Can, still preserved the



custom of the ancient Scythians, in dwelling only in wooden huts, of which they changed their situation as often as they pleased. Their uncultivated manners rendered their wants but very few; and as the money they had seized in their conquests was of very little use to them, they gave a good deal of it for mere trifles, which brought a great number of merchants into their country. Gengis-Can, who was informed of all that passed in his dominions, perceived that his subjects would soon find themselves in a miserable condition, if they continued to distribute their gold and silver in that manner; and that the only way to preserve plenty in his territories, was to excite the Moguls to go themselves with merchandise to foreign countries. Finding several of the Moguls disposed to follow his advice, he ordered them to go into the states of Mahommed, and caused three officers of his court to accompany them, whom he sent in quality of ambassadors to his ally, to whom he wrote a very obliging letter, praying, that he would pay the same regard to his subjects, as he did to the Persians who came to traffic in Tartary, promising that he would always act towards him as a good father, and intreating him to continue his friendship, as the only means of rendering both their empires flourishing, and encreasing their mutual glory.

The ambassadors and the Mogul merchants being arrived at the town of Otrar, on the frontiers of Persia, they went to pay their compliments to the governor. This man, from a mean condition, had attained to offices of dignity. The odious talents he possessed of seducing youth, and engaging them to forget their duty and honour, had raised him to an high station. One of the merchants who had known him in his former situation, and who had been his intimate friend, thought he might, without any disrespect, call him by the name he bore when they were intimates: but the governor presently shewed how much he was above the rank he then held; he blushed on account of his birth, and was angry with him who brought it to his remembrance. The great Trajan ridiculed those who complimented him on his illustrious birth.

The haughty Persian committed the merchant and all the Moguls, who came to compliment him, to prison; and immediately sent a courier to Mahommed, to inform him, that

there were certain strangers arrived at Otrar, some of whom called themselves the ambassadors of Gengis-Can, and others merchants; but that he looked on them as persons charged with the execution of some dangerous plot, which prudence demanded should be timely defeated. The king, without any other information, sent him an order to put them all to death, which was immediately done; and the governor of Otrar, adding avarice to cruelty, seized their effects.

In spite of the precautions he had taken that all might be killed, one of the merchants had the good fortune to escape, and went and informed Gengis-Can of the treatment his ambassadors had met with. The Tartar, transported with fury at this news, gave orders to his officers to assemble his troops immediately; and entering Persia in the year 1218, he spread desolation with fire and sword; cut in pieces all the armies which were sent to oppose him, and destroyed all the towns through which he passed. The first victim of his rage was Otrar; the governor of which, who was the cause of this bloody war, he ordered to be loaded with chains, dragged round the walls, and then to have his brains knocked out with clubs. The conqueror, in a short time, subdued all the countries east and south of the Caspian sea, penetrated into India, which he reduced to his obedience, and made himself master of Persia. Mahommed fled from province to province, and died abandoned by every one; and of all the riches he had possessed, nothing was left him but the clothes on his back, which were all in rags; and in those he was interred.

Gengis-Can was now master of the greatest empire ever recorded in history. This Tartar conquered an extent of country above eighteen hundred leagues from east to west, and more than a thousand from north to south. But his history is a mere series of cruelties, as he did nothing but ravage and destroy. He divided his vast estates between his four sons; each of whom was one of the most potent princes of the world. This great conqueror died in the year 1227, aged sixty-five years.

*(To be continued.)*

## REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

**A CIRCUMSTANTIAL NARRATIVE OF THE CAMPAIGN IN SAXONY IN THE YEAR 1813.** Written originally in German, by BARON VON ODELEBER, Lieutenant General of Royal Saxon Cavalry. To which are subjoined, *the Notes of the Editor of the French Edition.* The whole translated by ALFRED JOHN KEMPE, late Officer of Infantry. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is a sort of patchwork production, if we may be allowed the term, in which a great variety of materials, good, bad, and indifferent, are tacked together. The part written by Baron Von Odeleber, with which the work commences, is a clear and simple detail of the events of the campaign in Saxony; they are related circumstantially and impartially. There is also a good deal of new and interesting matter in the Baron's narrative, particularly in that part of it which relates to Bonaparte, of whom we have a new and striking picture. We cannot help suspecting that the Baron has, perhaps unintentionally, exaggerated some traits in the Ex-Emperor's character. There are so many, and such different portraits of that extraordinary man, that a writer who sits down to make a new sketch of him, has a difficult task. The Baron cannot certainly be accused of leaning to the favourable side; he represents Napoleon's obstinacy, rashness, and ambition, in the strongest colours; but he adds many traits, which, till now, have been little known. He speaks of some instances of humanity shewn by Napoleon towards the wounded among his enemies; of his excessive restlessness, or rather we may call it, his passion for employment, which, if we are to credit the Baron, he carried to such a height, that he could not remain for a moment in either mental or bodily inactivity; and of his exhibiting at the moment of defeat, and while he was planning fresh conquests, a mildness and patience which were almost inconceivable.

The narrative of the Baron is followed by an account of the events which occurred at Dresden, in 1813, related by an eye-witness. A small portion of this is interesting and novel; but by much the greater part has been already be-



fore the public, not once only, but very frequently, so that more than one half of the book consists of hackneyed details, notes which seem to have been written for no other purpose than to shew us that the author, editor, and translator, had each a passion for trying how far they could, by the introduction of unnecessary notes, confuse the narrative and enlarge the book, and stale papers which have already appeared in all the newspapers. Few of our readers, we believe, will have the courage to wade through this melange, but those who do, will derive considerable gratification from such of the details as are now first printed. We subjoin a few extracts; the one which follows is taken from the account of the battle of Lutzen. The beginning of it evidently shews, that Napoleon knew the way to the hearts of the French, when his interests required him to touch their feelings.

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“ He shewed himself to the troops, according to his custom, when they attacked; and as he galloped down the lines, he was saluted with *vivats*, re-echoed from column to column. A short time before, Napoleon, for some fault, had deprived a battalion of its commander. He knew that this officer, otherwise a very brave man, was exceedingly beloved by his soldiers. He rode up to the front of the corps, at the head of which he replaced him, after addressing him in a short speech. The acclamations of joy from that body resounded afar off; it immediately formed the head of a column, which advanced to attack a height in the rear of Starsiedel. All the other regiments greeted him with acclamations, even amid the fire of the artillery. The battle still continued, and was kept up in the neighbourhood of Kaia, until half past six in the evening. Each side fought with a fury worthy of admiration, and the brave Prussians found plenty of employment for the French. Their batteries near Gorschen and Rana, played on the Imperial Guard, and several balls and grenades fell near Napoleon: an *inspecteur des postes* lost a leg close by him, and even bullets were whistling around him. A visible embarrassment might be observed in the persons of his suite as the fire drew nearer; and Kaia, the pivot of the engagement, became endangered the moment arrived when all appeared lost on that point.

and the reserve of the old guard was expected to attack; then Count Lobau, an adjutant of Napoleon, and one of the most intrepid of his generals, placed himself, by his order, at the head of a division of the young guard, to retake the position. As soon as this attack had succeeded, Napoleon directed another of his adjutants, Drouot, general of the artillery, to collect a battery of sixty pieces of cannon: he briefly pointed out to him the corps from which they were to be taken, and where they were to be posted. A movement of such importance, by a dozen words, was made the work of a twinkling of an eye, so well had his officers learnt to comprehend him. This battery, planted on the heights near Starsiedel, made a considerable impression in advance, during its fire, and Napoleon followed at the head of the second column of attack; this was a moment when he shewed himself in person, impelled by the ardent desire of victory. He flew from one point to another, continually urging his troops onward to obtain some advantage of ground, that the enemy, annoyed by the brisk fire of the artillery, might neither be able to maintain their position, nor persevere in their resistance."

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General Drouot, the subject of the following anecdote, has given many proofs of the most undaunted bravery, he was also reckoned a man of strong and clear understanding; can we then forbear smiling at seeing such a person impressed with an idea so weakly superstitious as that an old coat would preserve him from danger in battle.

"Bonaparte always dispatched him (Drouot) to situations where his duties exposed him to the greatest dangers; on these occasions, he took particular care to attire himself in his old uniform of a general of artillery, in which he placed the greatest confidence, because no misfortune had ever happened to him while he had worn it. When he was near the batteries, he always alighted, and he was so fortunate, that neither he nor his horses were ever wounded."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Cossacks have been represented as little removed from savages; the following account shews them in a very different light.

"If a Cossack had a plentiful ration of brandy, bread, herring, and onions, allotted to him, he was contented; if to these was added a piece of boiled fish, he became a happy man; for these religious observers of Lent, would not for the world have touched meat. The Cossacks, young and old, are distinguished by a great partiality for children; they played with them, and bore all the sallies of their petulance without ever being out of humour: they would carry them in their arms for hours together, caressing them, and speaking to them in Russ, and endeavouring to make them prattle. Before sun-set, they commonly assembled in groups for the purpose of singing their hymns, or warlike songs; the melody of which is often very expressive. The ablest singer stands in the centre and leads the rest."

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We shall close our extracts with an account of the Russian mode of celebrating Easter. The Emperor of Russia and his forces were then at Dresden.

"At break of day, the soldiers appeared most carefully dressed, and the Cossacks, the strictest observers of the religious rites of their country, were especially observed purchasing eggs to present to their comrades, or milk, to prepare the Pascha, or feast of Pentecost. The Russians every where were seen accosting each other in the streets, without distinction of rank, with the salutation, '*Christos woshres,*' Christ is risen; which was followed by the reply, '*Istinnoe woshres,*' Yes, truly, he is risen. In this manner the elegantly dressed officer saluted the bearded Cossack, covered with his mantle of stuff. The Emperor himself did honour to this custom of his country, and having after midnight assisted at the solemn mass of Easter, in the Greek chapel, prepared in an apartment of the Bruhl palace, which he inhabited, he addressed this pious salutation to the officers present. The feast of Easter morning was celebrated by the priests of several Russian regiments, in another chapel prepared at the residence of Prince Maximilian. It is said, that Easter was celebrated in the same manner in all the other towns of Saxony, in which any Russian troops were quartered.



**THE RIVER DUDDEN**, *a Series of Sonnets*; VAUDRACOUR and JULIA; with other Poems. To which is annexed, *A Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England*. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH; 8vo.

PETER BELL, and Benjamin, the Waggoner, had given us almost a disgust to Mr. Wordsworth's Muse; for to such a ridiculous height has he carried his affectation of simplicity in these two last productions, that he left us little hope of seeing his genius break the fetters of his school. It has done so, however, and it now bursts upon us with a brilliancy and pathos, a grandeur and a true simplicity, which, if he always wrote thus, would, indeed, entitle him to be called the poet of Nature.

The River Dudden is the principal poem; the author describes, in a series of sonnets, thirty-three in number, the various beauties of scenery which adorn its course, and which he has painted in general in the most felicitous manner: the mind must have, indeed, little relish for the beauties of nature, that is not fired with enthusiasm in perusing his description of them. In Vaudracour and Julia, he paints the power of love in a manner at once so natural, and so exquisitely poetical, that we regret we cannot extract some passages. The remaining poems, though not entitled to such high praise as those we have noticed, are nevertheless extremely pretty. If our pleasure is now and then damped by the author's relapsing into the peculiarities, or defects, whichever our readers chuse to call them, of his school, it must be owned that these instances are rare, and we must not quarrel with what is excellent, merely because it is not quite perfect.

**TALES OF THE HEART**; by MRS. OPIE; 4 vols. 12mo.

PERHAPS no writer of the present day possesses so fully as Mrs. Opie the power of interesting us by presenting us with vivid and natural portraits of human feelings and passions, as exhibited in domestic life. Other authors surprise, elevate, or dazzle our imaginations by romantic incident, splendid imagery, or the description of highly-wrought character, in scenes and situations remote from the habits of ordinary life; but she has achieved the far more difficult task of uniting our

suffrages by narrating ordinary and probable events, in a manner at once true to nature, and yet novel and touching; while in the developement of character, she displays such an accurate knowledge of the human heart, such justness of principle, and so much warmth of feeling, as excite at once our sympathy and admiration. Some little disappointment will be felt, however, by those who contrast the tales before us, with her earlier productions, for much as we find in them to praise, we are yet compelled to say, they are in many parts inferior to her former works. If, however, she lose in some respects by being compared with herself, there are few others by a comparison with whom she would not gain. The first tale, *Love, Mystery, and Superstition*, is very interesting; our sympathy is powerfully excited for the unfortunate Rinaldo and Angela; but we must observe, Mrs. Opie has fallen into an error, when she speaks of the former as having taken his vows at seventeen; no monk can be professed previous to the age of twenty-one. The second tale, *The Two Sir Williams*, is a very pleasing domestic sketch; the supper scene is admirable, and has a very dramatic effect. The story of *The Two Sins*, is exquisitely written throughout; Ronald never for a moment loses his hold on our hearts. Nothing can be more exquisitely pathetic than the description of his feelings on leaving the paternal home, and on recovering his poor old parents; the contrast between him and his brutal brother is admirable. The catastrophe, though we were in some degree prepared for it, thrilled us with horror. The story of *A Woman's Love*, contains many striking passages; but it is upon the whole inferior, both in interest and pathos, to the generality of Mrs. Opie's productions. The continuation of it, *A Wife's Duty*, is much better written: the suffering wife, Helen Pendarves, is admirably drawn; it is one of this authoress's principal merits that she paints the feminine virtues in the brightest and the loveliest colours. The plot of *The Opposite Neighbour*, is ingenious and well wound up; but Evelyn's romantic stratagem is certainly inconsistent with the general tone of his character. The concluding tale, *Benevolence and Selfishness*, is delightfully written. Never did benevolence wear a more amiable form than that of Sir Edward Meredith. All the characters are, in fact, sketched in a masterly

manner, and supported with the greatest spirit throughout. The style of the work has the same elegant and pathetic simplicity which distinguish Mrs. Opie's former productions. We regret that we can only give a short extract; it is from the conclusion of the tale of *A Wife's Duty*.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Pendarves continued to resist the importunities of La Beauvais to visit her; but at length she sent a friend to tell him, she believed she was dying, and trusted he would not refuse to bid her farewell. Pendarves could not, dared not, refuse to answer this appeal to his feelings; and he repaired to her hotel; in which, though he knew it not, she was maintained by one of the new members of the Convention, whom she had inveigled to marry her according to the laws of the Republic. When he arrived, he found her scarcely indisposed; and, reproaching her severely with her treachery, he told her, that all her artifices were vain; that his *heart* had always been his wife's, though circumstances had enabled her to lure him from me; that now I had shone upon him in the moments of danger more brightly than ever, and was dearer than ever; and he conjured her to forget a guilty man, who, though never likely to be happy again with the woman he adored, yet still preferred his present solitary, but guiltless situation, to all the intoxicating hours which he had passed with *her*.

"La Beauvais, who really loved him, was overcome with this solemn renunciation, and fell back in a sort of hysterical affection on the couch, and while he held her hand, and was bathing her temples with essences, her husband rushed in, and exclaiming, 'Villain, defend yourself!' he gave a pistol into the hand of Pendarves; then firing himself, the ball took effect: and while De Walden was waiting his return at his lodgings to give him my letters of recall and of forgiving love, he was carried thither a bleeding and a dying man! But he was conscious; and while Juan, who called by accident, remained with him, De Walden came to break the dread event to me, and bear me to the couch of the sufferer.

"He was holding my letter to his heart.

"'It has healed every wound there,' said he, 'except those by conscience made, and it shall lie there till all is over.'



"Silent, stunned, I threw myself beside him, and joined my cold cheek to his.

" "Oh, Helen! and is it *thus* we meet? is *this* our re-union?"

" "Live! do *but* live,' cried I, in a burst of salutary tears, 'and you shall find how *dearly* I love you still; and we shall be happy!—happier than ever!"

"He shook his head mournfully, and said, he did not desire to live, and to be so happy."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I saw before me not the erring husband—the being who had blighted my youth by anxiety, and wounded all the dearest feelings of my soul, but the playfellow of my childhood, the idolized object of my youthful heart, and the husband of my virgin affections; and I was going to lose him, and he lay pale and bleeding before me, and his last, fond, lingering look of unutterable love was now about to close on me for ever.

" "She has forgiven me,' he faltered out; 'and oh! mayst *thou* forgive my trespasses against *thee*, Helen! It is sweet and consoling, my only love, to die here,' said he, laying his cheek upon my bosom:—and he spoke no more!

#### THE ONE-POUND NOTE, and other Tales; 2 vols. 12mo.

THESE volumes are the production of that ingenious and industrious novelist Mr. Lathom. They will not detract from his reputation. The first story, *The One-Pound Note*, is a tale of humble life; there is a good deal of originality in the plot; the character of William Mc Tavish is natural and well drawn. The unfortunate Sandiman is spiritedly depicted, but we are not quite satisfied with him in a moral point of view. The catastrophe of this tale grates rather harshly on our feelings. We are much pleased with the second tale, *The Wife, the Mistress, and the Friend*; the character of Amelia is pleasing, and well supported throughout. The third story is a romantic tale; it is well written, and will be read with interest by those who are fond of the marvellous and surprising.

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EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS  
FOR JULY, 1820.

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FROM the deep and general interest which the situation of Her Majesty continues to excite, we feel certain that our fair readers will wish to have a regular detail of the proceedings in her case ; we shall therefore take up the subject from our last Number, in which we stated that she had refused to comply with the request of the House of Commons. In consequence of her doing so, the Committee of Lords proceeded to the examination of the papers contained in the *green bag* ; and from the contents of these papers, unsupported as they have yet been by any evidence, and unfounded as all the charges contained in them may, and we have no doubt will prove to be, the Committee of Lords have thought proper to recommend that a Bill of Pains, Penalties, and Divorce, should be brought against Her Majesty. Ministers eagerly seized this recommendation, and a Bill was accordingly brought in, charging Her Majesty with an adulterous intercourse with a foreigner of the name of Bartolomo Pergami, or Bergami, whom she is stated to have taken into her service in a menial station, and afterwards conferred upon him, and upon his near relations, several of whom she is also said to have taken into her household, many marks of her especial favour and protection ; that she has procured for Pergami orders of knighthood, and titles of honour ; and that having taken upon herself, without any lawful authority, to institute an order of knighthood, she has conferred the same upon him.—The Bill also charges Her Majesty with general levity and impropriety of conduct ; and concludes, by praying that she be deprived of the title of Queen, and that the marriage between Her Majesty and the King be dissolved.

The Bill having been read a first time, was then ordered to be printed, and copies of it furnished to their Majesties, and to their law-officers. The second reading of it was fixed for the 19th of August, when a call of the House of Peers will take place at 10 o'clock in the morning, when counsel will be heard on both sides, and witnesses examined previous to the second reading of the Bill. Lords Grey, Holland, and Erskine, in speeches of considerable length, urged, that in justice to

the Queen, she ought to be furnished with a specification of the charges, and a list of the witnesses against her, with the respective abodes and conditions of the latter. The House, however, adjourned, without the suggestion of the Noble Lord's being attended to. A copy of the Bill was sent to Her Majesty; she received it with the dignified firmness of conscious innocence, and presented a Petition to the House of Lords, praying that a list of the witnesses might be furnished to her. This demand, in itself so just and reasonable, was ably and eloquently seconded by several of the Peers, but it was finally overruled for want of precedent.

Justice, common sense, and common humanity, alike revolt from this proceeding, which gives to the accuser every advantage, and takes from the accused the fairest means of defence. From all that we have been able to collect, respecting the witnesses against Her Majesty, they are, generally speaking, of such a description, that Her Majesty's counsel, if they possessed the means of making enquiries respecting them, could easily prove from their conduct and situation in life, that they are not persons to be believed upon their oath. Twelve of these persons arrived on the 7th of July, from Italy; and really, if they are to be regarded as a specimen of the rest, we may conceive that ministers have searched all the receptacles of abject guilt and misery in the country to find them. Their appearance, with one or two exceptions, is similar to that of those wretched-looking beings who go about our streets with monkeys and dancing-dogs. On their landing at Dover, they were much abused and very roughly handled, particularly by the women. The mail-coach was engaged to take them to London, but drove off without them, because the proprietor was afraid that the coach would be broken to pieces. At last they got off in a post-coach and two post-chaises. It is said, that the Milan commission, by which the evidence has been collected against Her Majesty, has cost the nation upwards of £23,000, and we are sure that those who possess any knowledge of the present state of Italy, will perfectly agree with an honourable member of the House of Commons, who declared that he was certain he could procure in that country, for half the sum, evidence enough to ruin the character of the most virtuous woman that ever existed. We may form some notion of the credit that is to be attached to Italian testimony, from



the circumstance of their own courts of justice, which certainly must know the national character better than we can pretend to do, having established a rule, that, in every criminal case, the party accused shall be furnished with a list of witnesses, and copies of the papers or proofs against them, eight days before trial; and that no witness shall be examined whose names and designations are not specified in such list. It should also be recollected, that in every town or village rather, in Italy, a dialect is spoken, which is nearly unintelligible any where else. Now it appears, that the whole country has been diligently searched for witnesses against Her Majesty, and pray, who is to put the testimony delivered in this variety of dialects or jargons rather, into such language as shall convey to us the true meaning of the witnesses? the theory is nearly impossible.

But though thus environed with perils, Her Majesty has lost none of the noble firmness which has hitherto marked her conduct; and her magnanimous conduct in this her present most trying situation, is properly appreciated by the people of England. Dutiful and loyal addresses have been presented to her from different parts of the kingdom. On the 15th of July, a most spirited address was voted to Her Majesty, by the inhabitants of the borough of Newbury; and on the 18th, Lord William Russel and Mr. Whitbread presented an Address from the borough of Bedford. Her Majesty has taken a villa at Barnes, as a summer residence; and, we understand, that it is her intention to continue in this country.

On the 17th, a Court of Common Council was held, for the purpose of petitioning both Houses of Parliament to reject the Bill of Pains and Penalties against the Queen, on the ground of its being wholly inapplicable to the present times, and totally unfit to attain the ends of justice. This Petition was rejected by the Lords on the 19th. A similar petition has been also presented to the Commons, by whom it was received.

7th July, Lord Castlereagh gave notice in the House of Commons, that the King had given orders for the postponement of the Coronation. Rumour now says that it is to be put off till next June.

Some time since, a stock-broker, of the name of William

Simpson, absconded to the Continent with considerable property, the frugal savings of industrious individuals, who entrusted the same to him, to be deposited in the public funds. He has been taken, and brought back to this country; and on the 6th of July was indicted at the Old Bailey, for obtaining from William Offen, Exchequer-bills, and other negociable securities, to the amount of £1,000, and upwards. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

It is truly gratifying to us to be enabled to state, that the harvest every where throughout the United Kingdom, is likely to prove uncommonly plentiful.

A case of much interest has recently been decided in the Court of Common Pleas: it was an action brought by Mr. Orme, against Messrs. Astley, Smith, Gaitskell, Hodges, Booth, and two others. The plaintiff had formerly been a distiller, but having failed in business, became agent for the house of Longdale and Company. The defendants, who were malt distillers and rectifiers, fixed the price of gin at twelve shillings a gallon, and passed a resolution, that any agent or servant, who should sell under that price, should be discharged by his employer. Mr. Longdale having a quantity of stock on hand, authorised the plaintiff to sell it 2d. a gallon under price, in consequence of which, the defendants insisted upon his discharging him; and refused otherwise to let him have a supply of raw spirits. Mr. Longdale was in consequence obliged to dismiss Mr. Orme, who is a man of excellent character, and has a large family. The situation, of which he was thus deprived, was about a thousand a year. The jury gave a verdict in his favour—Damages £1,500.

A singular case came on on the 11th of this month, in the Court of King's-bench.—Mr. Sergison, brother-in-law to Colonel Sergison, deceased, was the defendant; the plaintiff was the widow of the colonel. The object of the defendant was to prove, that a young girl of thirteen, whom Mrs. Sergison asserted was her own daughter and that of her deceased husband, was in reality a suppositious child, who had been imposed by Mrs. Sergison on her deceased husband as his. After a trial of considerable length, the suppositiousness of the child was completely established. This poor innocent, who was thus made the instrument of fraud, has a mother still living, but in a very low station.

CAUTION TO YOUNG LADIES HOW THEY FALL IN LOVE.—A young lady of interesting appearance and respectable connections, was recently, in default of bail, sent to the House of Correction, for molesting Sir Thomas Mostyn; with whom, it is stated, she has fallen violently in love, and who takes this method, which, is certainly not a very gentle one, of curing her passion.

July 22d—Intelligence has just reached us, that a complete and bloodless revolution has taken place in Naples. The King has promised a free constitution to his subjects, and every thing is proceeding with the utmost harmony and tranquillity.

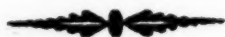
25th. Some further important information respecting the above, has arrived by way of Paris. It appears, that the period of eight days, which the king fixed in his proclamation of the 6th, for the publication of the constitution, was too long for the impatience of the army, or rather of those who direct it. The insurgents of Avellino accordingly sent deputations, while their associates at Naples formed committees, and supported their demands. They required the constitution of the Cortes of 1812 to be adopted without delay, and signed by the king in twenty-four hours. A negotiation took place in the morning of the 7th, and about noon, a royal rescript appeared, in which his Majesty, alleging that the state of his health did not permit him any longer to execute the duties of royalty, appoints his son, the Duke of Calabria, his Vicar-general, with all the rights attached to the rank which there is called *Alter Ego*.

Soon after, the prince published a proclamation promising the constitution, but this did not satisfy the insurgents; they insisted that the promise should be made by the king, and signed by himself. Accordingly a new proclamation appeared in the evening, signed by the king, in which his Majesty confirmed the promise made by the prince his son, and pledged his faith to swear fidelity to the constitution before the provisional Junta about to be performed, preparatory to his taking the oaths before a general parliament lawfully assembled. Annexed to this proclamation was a decree by the prince, promulgating the adoption of the constitution, subject to such modifications as the representatives of the nation might think proper. The same evening some regiments re-



turned in good order to Naples. All the inhabitants concurred in maintaining tranquillity.

The provisional junta was partially formed on the 10th; it is to consist of fifty-five members, but as yet only five are appointed. They are to present to the prince a list of twenty names, out of which he will choose ten to complete the number. A commission of general safety for the city of Naples has also been formed. No disturbance, is however, apprehended, and, in particular, no possible danger to the Royal Family is anticipated. As for some days past no vessel has sailed from the port, it is believed, that a general embargo has been imposed.



## THE DRAMA.

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### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

JULY 3d. A fair candidate for public favour made her *début* in the character of Portia, in *The Merchant of Venice*. She is rather tall; her person is elegantly formed, and her countenance is handsome and expressive; her voice is clear, full, and harmonious. She evinced throughout a just conception of the author; and bating the timidity inseparable from a first appearance, played the part in a manner which justifies our saying, that she promises to be a great acquisition to the stage. Kean was the Shylock. We have not room to dilate upon the merits of his performance, we shall therefore only say,

“He was the Jew which Shakspeare drew.”

The house closed on the 9th, with the comedy of *The Provoked Husband*; it will re-open next month.



### HAYMARKET THEATRE

OPENED on the 10th of July, with the Comedy of *The Greep Man*, in which Terry played Mr. Green, with all the originality, spirit, and feeling, which marked his first performance of that

character. Jones also played his old part in his best manner. A new farce, called *Oil and Vinegar*, was afterwards performed for the first time. The main incident upon which the piece turns, is taken from a farce now obsolete, called *The Contrast*. Two lovers, when in the bloom of youth, had entered into a contract, which was to be fulfilled when the gentleman returned from India; twenty years, however, elapse before he does come, and, in the mean time, the lady falls in love with a very young man, and the gentleman, on his part, conceives a violent attachment to a blooming girl. Of course, the object of each is to annul the contract; if we recollect right, this is managed in the old farce with much more humour and spirit than in this new version of it, which Mr. Hook has given us. It is at length brought about; but, death to the hopes of the ancient innamoratoes, they discover that the two young people, to whom they are attached, are actually husband and wife. The old gentleman and lady act in the usual way, first scold, and then forgive the offenders; and being thus deprived of young helpmates, they return to their first views, and marry each other. Our readers will perceive by this sketch, that the piece has no claim to originality; but it is a showy, amusing trifle, which completely answers the principal purpose of farce, for it makes us laugh heartily. Terry (Sir Authur Grimsby), and Mrs. Gibbs (Lady Constance) were quite at home in the principal characters. The former, always natural and chaste, was eminently happy in his portraiture of the old baronet; and the exquisite comic talents of Mrs. Gibbs were very successfully exerted in depicting the tender emotions of the antiquated maiden. We must not forget Jones, who, in the character of an active idler, neglecting his own affairs to attend to those of every body else, was inexpressibly amusing. The farce went off with great spirit. The company musters this year unusually strong.

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#### THE ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

THE season commenced with a new opera, in one act, called *The Promissory Note*; it is a free translation of a French piece, entitled *La Lettre de Charge*; and is really an

exquisite *morceau*. The plot is regular, and very ingeniously constructed, and the dialogue remarkably easy and spirited. The performers appeared to have caught the French spirit of the piece, for they exerted themselves with more than their usual vivacity. Wrench depicted a fond husband, who does not know whether to be jealous or not, in the happiest manner. Pearman played a lively character with much nature and spirit; and gave the songs in his best manner; but the *sauce piquante* to this delightful little piece, was our old favourite Miss Kelly; her personation of the widow was inimitable.

JULY 20th. An opera, called *Woman's Will—a Riddle*, was performed for the first time. We cannot enter into a detail of the plot, which is interesting, though not arranged with sufficient clearness. The Duchess of Mantua, (Mrs. W. Chatterley) proposes a riddle to a young nobleman, Cesario, (Pearman) which he is to solve, under pain of imprisonment, perhaps death, if he fails. Cesario and the Princess Clementine, daughter to the Duchess, are lovers; she elopes from her mother, disguises herself, and offers her assistance to Cesario to find out the riddle. She appears in various assumed characters, and suggests many different things, but always avoids giving him the right solution, in the hope that he will discover it himself. He proves, however, so dull an expounder of riddles, that she is compelled at last to reveal it to him, and we are informed, that the solution of the enigma, *Woman's Will*, is—always to have her will. This piece promises to be a great favourite; it is well written, and affords uncommon scope to the talents of the principal performers. Miss Kelly's character was extremely arduous; but she was every way equal to it. Cesario was very well played by Pearman; Bartley performed an old courtier, who, with a very shallow understanding, affects profound skill in politics; this part is quite in his line, and he made the most of it. Harley, in Corvino, a servant, who is quite a *gourmand*, was inexpressibly ludicrous.

The music is pleasing. The scenery and decorations do credit to the liberality of the proprietor. The Epilogue was spoken in character by Miss Kelly; it is neat, playful, and pointed; and we need not say, it was admirably delivered. The company consists of the usual performers.



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*Walking & Evening Dresses for August 1820.*  
*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.*

*Pub. Aug. 1. 1820. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR AUGUST, 1820.

WALKING DRESS.

A ROUND high dress composed of cambric-muslin: the skirt is trimmed at the bottom with full bands of thin jaconet muslin, which are edged with Urling's lace. The *corsage* is of moderate length in the waist; it fastens behind; the back is tight to the shape, and rather narrow at bottom; the front is richly ornamented with lace. Long sleeves, of an easy width, surmounted by very full epaulettes, formed into a double row of puffs, by letting-in lace. The spencer worn with this dress is composed of lavender coloured *zephercene*. The body is tight to the shape; the waist is the usual length. A large collar, lined with pink *zephercene* falls very low in the neck. The sleeves are nearly tight to the arm, and reach very far over the hand. The epaulette is composed of points of lavender coloured satin, edged with pink *zephercene*; the bottom of the sleeve is finished by a cuff, also edged with pink. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of lavender coloured metallic gauze; the crown is round; it is ornamented with draperies of plain gauze to correspond; the brim is of a moderate size, and of a very becoming form; a bunch of white flowers is placed on one side of the crown; a lavender coloured riband ties the bonnet under the chin. Limeric gloves; black kid shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

A ROUND dress, composed of Urling's lace, over a white satin slip: the skirt is of an easy fulness; it is decorated at



the bottom with a trimming composed of *rouleaux* of blue satin, laid on in a scroll pattern, and headed by a wreath of blue leaves, which are formed of an intermixture of satin and net; this trimming has a remarkably novel and striking effect. The *corsage* is rather long in the waist; it is tight to the shape in front; but has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist behind. A single fall of broad lace is set on full round the bust, and falls over. Short, full sleeve, composed of an intermixture of *gros de Naples* and lace. The hair is dressed very full on the forehead, in loose curls; it is a little parted in front; the hind hair is disposed in full bows, which are fastened up with pearl combs. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White kid gloves, and white silk shoes. We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, maker of the *corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, for both these dresses.

We have to thank a *marchande des modes* in St. James's-street, to whose elegant taste our Museum has frequently been indebted, for a sight of the tasteful novelties which we shall endeavour to describe to our fair readers.

The first is a pelisse and bonnet, calculated for the morning promenade. The pelisse is composed of bright green *reps* silk, and lined with white sarsnet. The back is full; the waist of a moderate length; and the fronts tight to the shape. The collar, which partly stands up and partly falls in the neck, forms at once a collar and a small pelerine; it is rounded at the corners in front, but peaked behind. The sleeve is rather wide. The trimming, which goes all round the pelisse, consists of a fulness of dark green satin, fancifully interspersed with large leaves of *reps* silk, which are so laid on as to form the satin into puffs between the leaves. The epaulette corresponds with the trimming; the bottom of the sleeve, and the collar, is trimmed in a similar style, but the trimming is much narrower. A rich cord and tassel goes round the waist, and the hips are finished by silk ornaments, which, as well as the cord and tassel, correspond in colour with the dress.

The bonnet is composed of an intermixture of green gauze and *reps* silk; the crown is rather low, but not so low as they are worn in general, and resembles, in some degree, a

Turkish turban in form; the crown is composed of silk, but there is a fulness of gauze goes round the top, which is confined at regular distances by small straps of *reps* silk, in the shape of leaves: the brim is uncommonly large; it is much deeper on one side than on the other; it is composed of fluted gauze, and edged with green satin; a single fall of broad white lace is set on full round the edge of the brim; a bunch of unripe corn adorns one side of the crown, and a rich green riband fastens it under the chin.

The other articles consist of a dinner and evening dress; the first is composed of clear muslin; it is cut moderately low round the bust, which is edged by a broad lace, that falls over à *l'enfant*, and is looped up round the bust by very small pale pink satin bows; under this trimming, at the hind part of the bust, a double row of lace is set on full, so as to form a round pelerine. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with two rows of oval puffs, let in at some distance from each other; the spaces in which these puffs are set, are edged with pink satin; a row of muslin is let in full between the puffs, and the fulness is confined here and there by small pink bows.

The evening dress is composed of pale blue figured gauze; the body is cut low round the bust; it fastens behind, and is made loose, but is formed to the shape by a white satin brace, of a very novel and elegant description, which crosses in the middle of the back, is terminated by a small peak behind, and forms a stomacher, which is also peaked in front; these peaks are edged with narrow blond, and the bust is trimmed to correspond. The sleeve is short and full; it is composed of blue gauze, surmounted by a small white satin *mancheron*. The skirt is trimmed with a full *ruche* of white transparent gauze, which is surmounted by a wreath of wild flowers.

Promenade dress is nearly the same as last month; but white dresses are still more in favour.

Fashionable colours are—pale blue, rose-colour, lavender, straw-colour, lilac, and different shades of green.

CABINET DES MODES DE PARIS.

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IN making our report of the home-dress of a Parisian *élégante*, we must begin with the dishabille, in which she appears at

## THE BREAKFAST-TABLE,

and here I must confess, that the party who are adverse to French fashions, will have some reason to triumph; for, honestly speaking, I can say very little in praise of the breakfast-dress of our fair neighbours; it consists, at present, of a petticoat composed of perkale, made long and rather full, and finished at the bottom by a very deep flounce, disposed always, in the most formal manner possible, in deep plaits. A short wrapper is worn with this petticoat, which is vilely fashioned; for it is neither tight enough to fit the shape, nor sufficiently loose to have an air of easy dishabille; the waist is very long, the sleeves are also wide and long. The wrapper comes up to the throat, and is made with a wide high collar, which, during the present warm weather, falls into the neck, and forms a kind of pelerine, leaving the dress open at the throat. The wrapper is trimmed to correspond with the petticoat.

Such is the matinal garb of a fashionable Frenchwoman; and my fair countrywomen might well exclaim against it, as a frightful disguise, if its dowdy effect was not in a great measure counteracted by a morning-cap, of an uncommonly simple and tasteful form, and which is always adapted to the particular style of countenance of the wearer. These caps are, in general, of the *cornette*, that is to say, mob-shape; but, as mobs do not become every body, and as round caps are not *comme il faut* in undress, a style of cap has lately been introduced, which partakes a little of the form of both; and which is called a *demi-cornette*. Undress caps are, therefore, at present, of the *cornette* and *demi-cornette* kind.—The first are most in favour with the oval-faced *belle*, the latter is generally adopted by those ladies whose round or full faces render a mob-cap unbecoming to them.



Let us now see of what materials these head-dresses are made, and what ornaments decorate them.—The first is appropriate enough; they are composed, in general, of fine muslin, and trimmed with narrow lace; the cauls are always low; some are quartered like an infant's cap; others are round, and are decorated with puffs of muslin let in. The majority are ornamented with embroidery at each side of the caul; and a few caps, made of cambric muslin, or perkales, as the French call it, have the cauls so covered with embroidery, that you can hardly discover the materials of which they are made.

The *cornettes* have the ears, in general, cut small, and placed very far back; they just meet under the chin, where they fasten with a bow of riband; the *demi-cornettes* also fasten under the chin with a riband; the head-pieces of both are of a moderate breadth, and there is always a full border of lace, which goes all round, and is frequently double, and even sometimes triple, over the face. I need hardly say, that this full style of border is generally worn by those ladies whose large and harsh features render it necessary for them to study how to throw a little softness into their countenances.

Breakfast caps are either trimmed with knots or cockades of riband, or close wreaths made of riband, or rosettes composed of a mixture of riband and lace; flowers are never worn in complete dishabille; and I am sure, in this respect, all my fair readers will agree with me, that French taste is correct.

Dinner gowns are of two sorts; the first are made in a half-dress style, and serve for home costume or social parties; the others are proper only for full dress. Half-dress is now universally made of *percale*. Waists are worn very long; the body is made, in general, high, but without a collar. The sleeves are long, and almost tight to the arm; but as this fashion cannot be generally becoming, those *belles* who are conscious that their arms are not round and well formed, have their sleeves made with alternate full broad bands, and plain narrow strips of muslin; by which ingenious contrivance the want of symmetry is concealed.

Let us now take a peep at full dress; the materials of which, at present, are gauze, crape, tissue, and white satin. The waist must be long; in other respects, a lady may have the body of her gown made as she pleases, and, you may be sure, to set off her figure to advantage; thus, if she is well made, she appears in the *robe à la vierge*, the body of which fits the natural shape exactly; it is cut in a becoming and modest manner round the bust, and the sleeves, which in full dress must be short, are sufficiently so to display the beauty of the arm. If a lady's figure is thin, the back of the dress is made full: and the folds round the bust give a fulness to that part of the form. Full-dress gowns are trimmed with lace or gauze flounces, or satin *rouleaux*.

It is to her *coëffure* that the attention of the French *belle* is chiefly directed in full-dress; infinite are the pains which she takes, or at least which she makes her hair-dresser take, to arrange the braids and curls in a style most becoming to her features; for, at present, the head-dress is of hair ornamented with feathers, flowers, or jewels; and some whimsical *élégantes*, who are handsome enough to look well in whatever they wear, occasionally mingle all three. When flowers are mingled with feathers, the former generally form a wreath, which is placed at the base of the former. Roses, lilies, violets, honeysuckles, lilacs, laburnums, and a variety of wild flowers, are all fashionable. Blue, lilac, and rose-colour, are the only hues in favour for dresses; but white is in still greater estimation.

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THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

IBERIA.—AN ODE.

*This beautiful Ode has been presented to us from the portfolio of a gentleman of distinguished talents, and was written upon seeing the transports, with the British troops on board, pass Torbay, on their passage to Spain in the year 1809.*

HARK! from proud Iberia's shores  
The distant swell of battle roars!  
Hark! upon the evening gale,  
Shouts of freedom seem to sail,  
Whilst sounds confus'd float on the wind,  
Of triumph and of death combin'd!  
And lo! a form of giant size,  
Above the hills is seen to rise;  
The curtled crown her brow displays,  
Reflects the evening's parting blaze,  
Her blood-red banner waving wide,  
Glitters o'er Biscay's swelling tide,  
On bold Asturia's vine-clad hills she stands,  
And calls, with echoing voice, her patriot bands—

“Spaniards! fam'd in warlike story,  
Ye whose sires for freedom bled!  
Mindful still of ancient glory,  
Proudly raise each dauntless head.

“Through your mountain barriers pouring,  
Gallia's lawless hordes draw nigh,  
Whilst their eagles proudly soaring,  
O'er your plains in terror fly.



" By those names in battle glorious,  
Who at Roncevalles died—  
By those valiant bands victorious,  
Who the Moorish ranks defied—

" By each sacred bond I call you—  
By each heart-ennobling tie—  
Let not fear or death appal you—  
Blest in such a cause to die!

" Lo! before your harbours riding,  
Monarchs of the azure tide,  
Gallia's powerless threats deriding,  
Britain's fleets in peace allied.

" Rouz'd by every proud emotion,  
Which the swelling heart can warm,  
Mighty island of the ocean,  
Lo! we claim thy powerful arm.

" By those manes dear to glory—  
By thy sable warrior's shade—  
Oh! recall his matchless story,  
And impart thy generous aid."

Towering sublime upon her sea-borne car,  
Britannia hears the awakening call from far,  
With prows unnumbered cleaves the billowy main,  
And bears her freeborn sons to fight for Spain.  
Her cause once known, each hostile feeling ends,  
For Freedom's champions are Britannia's friends.

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### SUMMER'S MOONLIGHT ROSES.

By MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

OH, Nature! every varying light,  
In which I view thee shining—  
The rosy morn—the starry night,  
Or peaceful day declining—  
Is dear to me, and as I trace  
Each bright and latent charm,  
I feel thy soft and silent grace,  
My spirits sweetly calm.

But though I love the orient beam,  
Which dewy morn discloses,  
More dear the rays, that brightly gleam  
On summer's moonlight roses.

When all is hush'd, and every star  
Its little light is throwing,  
Around the hills that rise afar,  
Where soft the stream is flowing.  
When contemplation loves to stray—  
When Sorrow loves to grieve,  
And let the sighs she hush'd all day,  
Her pensive bosom heave—  
When patient Hope serenely calm,  
On some fond dream reposes—  
Then, then I feel the nameless charm  
Of summer's moonlight roses.

I'd rather stray among their sweets,  
With those warm hearts that love me,  
While every pulse of feeling beats  
To that pure orb above me,  
Than 'mid the cloudless glare of day,  
Enjoy the festive hour,  
While round the merry roundelay,  
Rings lightly through the bower.  
Oh! give me soft and silent night,  
When ev'ry flow'ret closes,  
And that pale beam that loves to light,  
And kiss the moonlight roses.

*June 3rd. 1820.*

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### VERSES,

ON WITNESSING THE INTERMENT OF R. R. OF THE R. N. FROM A  
WINDOW WHICH LOOKED INTO THE CHURCH-YARD OF  
THE TOWN OF L——.

In her cold arms let him be laid\*,  
Who first his infant form caress'd,  
And pillow soft his shrouded head,  
Upon a mother's breast—

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\* He was laid in his mother's grave.

And ever hallowed be their rest,  
 Till the last trumpet's awful strain  
 Shall break the death-spell on the tomb impress'd,  
 And rouse the slumbering dust again.

What spot so fitting for his rest,  
 As where maternal ashes sleep?  
 Or where so lightly on his breast,  
 Can ye the green turf heap?  
 There filial tenderness shall weep  
 And bathe his grave with sacred dew;  
 And to the winds that mournful cadence keep,  
 Sigh forth an agoniz'd adieu.

Ye, his young friends, oh! see him laid  
 In the cold grave with honours due,  
 Nor let the starting tear be staid,  
 His fate demands from you.  
 Then look beyond that heaven of blue  
 To that fair land, and blissful shore,  
 Where tears no more the face bedew,  
 And grief, and sin, are known no more.

*Thule, 1818.*

ORA.

#### NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM.—A FRAGMENT.

HEAR this, all nations of the peopled earth!  
 Men of all tongues and every language, hear!  
 May peace be your's—peace from the God of hosts!  
 O! bend the knee, and worship him in fear.  
 I thought it good to shew the mighty signs,  
 The signs and wonders which the God most high  
 Had wrought on me, to crush my tow'ring pride,  
 And prove His justice and His majesty.  
 How dreadful are His signs! and, oh! how great  
 The mighty wonders of His forming hand!  
 His kingdom shall from age to age endure,  
 And His dominion shall for ever stand.  
 As I, Nebuchadnezzar, was at rest,  
 Safe in my house, upon my couch reclin'd,  
 Within my palace flourishing in strength,  
 And care and sorrow strangers to my mind,



I saw a dream that made me sore afraid,  
And all my thoughts were dark upon my bed,  
Wild terror seized resistless on my soul,  
And all my thoughts of power and greatness fled.  
Therefore I sent abroad through all the land,  
And all the sages to my palace came,  
While I decreed, they should before me stand,  
And tell the hidden meaning of my dream.

*Thule, 1812.*

ORA.

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### TO SUMMER.

LET me hail the lovely season,  
Bearing nature's bounteous store!  
Let all hearts endow'd with reason,  
To the gracious Giver pour!

Thanks from bosoms warmly glowing,  
With grateful sense of every joy,  
May the blessings from him flowing,  
No rude passions e'er destroy!

Mildness, in our bosoms reigning,  
Emblem be of Summer's breeze,  
May our hearts, new blossoms gaining,  
Fruitful be as summer trees.

Nature, bearing wreaths of flowers,  
Wafting perfume on her gale,  
Now invites us to her bowers,  
All her choicest gifts t' inhale!

Though we shun the sun's bright splendour,  
'Tis his warm inspiring ray,  
That doth odour, beauty render,  
To this lovely summer's day!

God his wisdom and his kindness  
Manifests where'er we range,  
Dark, indeed, that mental blindness  
That sees *Him* not in ev'ry change.

'Tis His breath embalms the roses!  
'Tis His glory lights the sun!  
When that flower its odour loses,  
When that orb his race has run—

He invites us to his Heaven,  
There eternal summer reigns!  
With His blessings here, He's given  
Hopes of bliss, that never wanes!

ELVIRA.

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### TO MARY.

Yes, Mary! every joy is past,  
Joy so pure could never last;  
Oh! ever thus, from infancy,  
I've seen the dearest hopes decay,  
A favourite flower, or shrub, or tree  
More cherish'd, sooner died away.

As the summer Zephyrs breathing  
Gently o'er the still blue lake,  
Or the sun's bright rays descending,  
Softly virgin slumbers break,  
So sweet and transient was the touch  
Of bewitching beauty's blush.

To call thee mine, oh! that were bliss  
As pure as angels ever felt:  
How pensive have I thought of this—  
How happy would have been our state,  
Had not th' unerring hand of Fate  
Denied a joy so blest.

There is not on this earthly sphere  
A wilderness more barren,  
That when death seizes all most dear,  
Our youthful hearts to sadden.

E. P. R.

## THE VIOLET.

SWEET Violet! that ventures through  
A spot of earth, refresh'd with dew,  
Child of the borders of a wood,  
By silence nurs'd in solitude,

How lovely thou art blown and seen,  
Amid thy glossy leaves of green!  
The light air plays along with thee,  
Unconscious flower of modesty.

Instructed by simplicity,  
Youth, love, and beauty, smile in thee;  
Retirement, virtue, peace, content,  
Are like thy image and thy scent.

O! while I wander studious by,  
Where thou hast life, and thou wilt die,  
May hope and fancy pleasure find  
To sing thy worth, and tone the mind!

*April, 1820.*

PRIOR.

## LINES

AH! let me live amidst dread war's alarms,  
The cannon's thunder, and the din of arms,  
The drum, the brazen trumpet, in mine ears  
Sound sweeter than the music of the spheres;  
Though pain and death in every form appear,  
My conscience sound, my soul shall know no fear.  
What though I perish on th' embattled plain,  
What cause for grief? or why should I complain?  
'Tis for my country—'tis at honour's call—  
I fight, resolv'd to conquer, or to fall.  
Perhaps around my consecrated bier  
My — too may shed a tender tear:  
That thought will comfort yield at life's last breath,  
And cheer my heart amidst the pangs of death;  
But if a kinder lot the Fates command,  
And I return to Britain's happy land,  
Again I'll hail my much-lov'd native shore,  
And fold my — in my arms once more.

*1st February, 1819.*

W. J. S.



## SOLUTIONS

## TO THE CHARADE IN OUR LAST.

WHENE'ER we see a cloudless sky,  
 We straight proclaim the day is DRY;  
 And eyes are DRY when hearts are hard,  
 And suff'ers tales they disregard;  
 'Twere well if not a few such men  
 Had not a home except a DEN;  
 Such characters of light and shade,  
 Are by the poets well display'd,  
 When DRYDEN, with a Shakspeare, vies,  
 To raise his Tempest to the skies.

July 5th, 1820.

W. W.

Now the broad sun extends his power on high,  
 The air is genial and the weather DRY;  
 Now the bold lion marches from his DEN,  
 And seeks his prey in tracks untrod by men;  
 Like DRYDEN'S shepherd, while my flock should feed,  
 I, in the shade, would linger with my reed,  
 To sweeten Rosa's slumbers, and endear  
 This loveliest season of the rolling year.

P.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communications of Alpheus,—Germanicus,—S. H.—W. S,—\*. Cambridge, J. M. Lacey,—and P. are received

We have been favoured with several excellent Solutions of the Charade in our last, but as we have been unable to insert them, we trust the omission of them will be excused.

The Essay of W. B. Esq.—\*\*, Paternoster Row,—Fidelia,—Amicus Fœminæ,—J. H. B.—Candidus,—R. H.—Anna,—W. A.—Ipswich,—G. Percy,—and P. are received.

The Prize will be adjudged next month, and the fortunate Essay will appear in the following one.

W.

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*Painted by C. Jones*

*Engraved by W. Marshall*

*Her late Royal Highness  
the Duchess of York.*

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